

Pretty by orphan_account

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Summary:

Mike never realized how pretty Will was, until Eleven pointed out how Will looked at him. After that, he couldn't help but stare.

Pretty

“You didn’t see it, did you?”

Eleven asked as Mike kept his eyes trained on the night sky, studying the constellations.

“See what?”

Mike wasn’t fully paying attention, too far gone in his own mind. He ran his fingers in circles on his palm, drawing his own constellations at the same time. His breath was quiet and steady as he stared upwards, fog coming out of every puff.

“They way Will had looked at you.”

“Looked at me?”

“Didn’t you see it? The look in his eyes.”

“What are you talking about?”

Mike glanced at her, slightly confused.

“He looked at you,” She repeated as she tried to get her meaning across. “He looked at you as if he just realized you were....you were everything he ever wanted and needed.”

Mike scrunched up his eyebrows, turning his head to stare at El, his eyes shining. El gave him a tiny smile, turning her attention back up to the sky, pointing at a cluster of them.

“Pretty.”

Ruffling up his hair, Mike stared at himself in the mirror. He stared into his brown eyes, his pale skin and freckles sprinkled around his cheeks and nose, his messy dark hair getting a little too long. He took in a deep breath, closing his eyes as he leaned his head against the cold mirror. He focused on the cooling spot on his forehead, pressing

down until his entire face was flush against the freezing surface.

Mike agreed to be Will's partner for their science project. He didn't even give Will a chance to make up his mind on who to join before Mike had piped up. His heart was beating loudly in his ears as he thought of spending time with anyone else, sadness washing over him. He didn't understand his feelings of why Will felt so important to him, more than he usually did. They were best friends after all, but this felt different.

Something about the way Will softly smiled up at him whenever he spoke, his tongue peeking out whenever he would laugh at someone's joke. Happiness looks pretty on Will, and Mike wants to make sure he always gets to see it. Whether he's the cause of Will's smiling face or not, he doesn't really care. As long as Will's happy. As long as he is happy, so is Mike.

"Mike? Are you alright?"

Mike flipped around so quick that he stumbled over his own feet, falling down to the floor. He watched as his mother rushed over to him, helping him up. He merely smiled at her, avoiding her eyes after she brushed off his sweater. She looked down at him with a worried glance, her hands resting on both of Mike's shoulders. Mike attempted to give her a reassuring smile before shaking her hands off.

"Mom, stop looking at me like that. I'm fine, really!"

With a displeased glance, she turned to leave Mike's room, giving one final look around before closing his door once again. Mike's cheeks were tinted pink from the exchange and he just wanted to crawl underneath his covers.

When Will arrived at school, Mike didn't expect the soft feeling in his chest to bubble up. Will was wearing a slightly too big sweater with yellow stars and newly cleaned shoes. Mike couldn't help but to look at Will for longer than he needed to, soaking up his appearance. Lucas tapped his shoulder, pointed to Will as he waved his hand towards them. Mike shyly lifted his hand up, giving the shorter boy a

small wave.

Will looked happy.

“Pretty.”

Mike silently whispered underneath his breath, holding his hands behind his back as Will walked closer to him. He smiled down at him, reaching out to touch Will's shoulder, his fingers moving towards the part that exposed his skin. Before he could rub into the nape of Will's neck, he stopped himself. Letting go, he gave Will another grin before turning towards Eleven, seeing that she was already looking straight at him. He raised his eyebrows as she smiled innocently at him.

As the party walked into school, Mike couldn't concentrate on anything besides how close Will's arm was to his. They lightly brushed together as they walked, making Mike's breath get caught in his throat as Will teetered closer to him. Mike felt the heat from his neck slowly creep up onto his face, wondering in his jumbled up thoughts on why he was feeling like this. It's his best friend, he shouldn't be so worked up by it.

El nudged his shoulder, and suddenly, Mike realized that everyone had already went to their classrooms while he stared longingly into Will's. He sheepishly grinned down at her, patting her back before walking towards his, giving her a wave goodbye. On his way, all Mike could think about was how soft Will skin would've been under his calloused fingers.

He spent his entire day thinking of how pretty it would be if he held Will's head in his hands.

Will and Mike rode their bikes in silence, heading straight for Mike's house. Every other minute, Mike would look over at Will, double checking that he's okay and that he's there. He's really there.

As they parked their bikes in the back of Mike's house, Will lingered on his bike, staring directly at Mike with cautious eyes. Frowning, Mike sauntered over to Will, placing his hand closer to Will's neck,

feeling his body burst into flames as his finger rested on Will's smooth skin. HE let his hand stay there as he softly spoke to the shorter.

“Are you alright, Will?”

Reluctantly nodding his head, Will looked down at the floor beneath him. Mike rubbed circles into Will's skin, stepping closer to him. Will carefully lifted his head to gaze at his friend, his eyes completely pure and innocent. Mike gently smiled down at him, moving in even closer, silently cursing in his head for Will's bike being in the way.

Delicately tilting his head down, Mike raised his other hand and quietly placed it on Will's cheek, a kind grin settled on his face. Before he could do anything else, Will stood on the tips of his toes, smashing their lips together. At first, Mike was taken back before he relaxed his shoulders, focusing on how smooth and soft Will's lips were.

As they tenderly kissed in the back of Mike's house, Mike faintly felt Will will bring his arms up to wrap around his neck. Making a tiny noise as Mike broke the kiss to get some air, Will opened his eyes in caution. Mike fought the urge of opening his eyes to just, look at Will. To look at all the little freckles littering his skin, and how his long eyelashes rested on the top of his cheeks. Mike just wanted to see Will from up close, but he couldn't even think clearly when Will's lips were brushing softly against his.

Will felt so pretty.

Pressing his lips harder, Mike slightly opened his mouth, mumbling against Will's lips.

“You're so pretty.”

Will jolted back, his eyes opened wide as his lips were red. He looked as though he just realized what he had down, red creeping up on his cheeks. Timidly grinning, Mike lowering his hands, retreated them to his sides. Will's eyes flickered from Mike's hands to his lips, finally focusing his attention back on Mike's eyes. His breathing quickened.

“I’m pretty?”

“Will, how can you not? Have you ever looked in the mirror?”

Scrunching up his nose, Will looked at the taller with disbelief, gently lowering himself down to the ground. Mike quickly grabbed both sides of Will’s face once more, holding him unbelievably closer. Bowing his head while closing his eyes, he rubbed their noses together, hearing the boy under him erupt in laughter.

“Your laugh is pretty.”

Opening his eyes, his eyelashes almost touched Will’s. He pressed a soft kiss on top of Will’s eyelids. Mike kissed down his nose, moving over a tiny bit to kiss both of Will’s cheeks. After lingering for far too long over Will’s lips, Mike belatedly kissed him once again, pressing their noses together as he messily kissed him harder. He felt Will smile below his mouth.

Rushing to see it, Mike felt his stomach fill up with butterflies, Will’s lips were a beautiful shade of red, his mouth slightly ajar.

“Your smile is even prettier.”

Will smiled even wider, causing Mike’s heart to beat outside his chest. He gingerly placed Will’s hand onto his chest, a wild smile on his face. Will grinned at him as he giggled, realizing he’s the one causing it. He lightly spoke, stumbling a bit on his words.

“Pretty!”